



THE LATEST VERSE.

An Original Poem, by Dr. John Dean Hall, U. S. A.

"Erythra and Ege"—"The Tears of an Empire"—
"To a Plain Woman"—"Baby Bells"—The
Best of Current Rhymes

KEEPIST AND SAGE
BY JOHN DEAN HALL

I would not grieve for youth's dawn,
Its varied days of buoyant cheer,
But that I feel old faith outgrown,
Sweet faith and childhood gone together.

Once seemed our vantage ground so high
It reached the very sky and crown,
Yet now when to those peaks more nigh
We find ourselves no nearer heaven.

So was it when young I with delight
I wrote and read the mountains' tale,
I wrote and read the mountains' tale,
I wrote and read the mountains' tale.

What soldier's death not feel pent
With mine own life's sad fate,
Chained to a faded environment,
Lying a thought the life of the gods be stolen?

With wings of the spirit I have flown
Heaven's southernmost shore, I own,
A man may feel himself, I own,
An earth-born being earthward tending.

THE TEARS OF AN EMPIRE.
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Over the strand by the river and fountain,
From each city and hamlet is heard the death
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INDIAN WAR OF '55.

A Graphic Night Scene in an Indian Camp

Third and Final Chapter of the Story of the War—A Brave and Hot Fight and a Decided Victory

Written for the Oregonian.

A little way above Seaside looking down the river, the Indians were gathered in a large camp. The camp was situated on a high bank, and the Indians were looking down at the river. The camp was situated on a high bank, and the Indians were looking down at the river. The camp was situated on a high bank, and the Indians were looking down at the river.

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Then, crouching low, he led the rest toward it. The rest came after, and before the Indians could find their guns and take possession of the fort. What had been their strongest defense now became their greatest weakness. The capture of the fort was not made without some loss. A tall Indian struck his captain as he went crouching along, and the other Indians followed him. The rest of the night the Indians were looking down at the river.

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over. The Indians crossed the creek in retreat, and it was supposed they would, and these two men were the last to be seen. They could have killed a man piece easily enough, but their own lives would have been sacrificed. The Indians were looking down at the river.

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ERIN'S PATRON SAINT.

St. Patrick, the Great Apostle and Missionary of Ireland.

Observance of the Anniversary—Full and Interesting Historical Facts Concerning the Patriotic Life Works and Death.

Thirteen hundred and ninety years ago yesterday (according to the most authentic historical sources) Saint Patrick, the patron saint and apostle of Ireland, departed this life at the abbey of Saul, in Down, at the age of 115 years. The anniversary of the death of this great man is observed in Ireland with great solemnity and devotion. The Irish people are very proud of their patron saint, and his life and death are the subject of much interest and devotion.

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St. Patrick's day was observed in a quiet way by the Irish residents of this city yesterday. There being no process or other demonstration. More than the usual number of people were seen in the streets, and the Irish people were very proud of their patron saint, and his life and death are the subject of much interest and devotion.

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ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

The Irish People's Great Holiday Observed in Portland.

Celebrated at the Club House Last Evening—Address by Archbishop Connors—Other Events.

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SOCIAL EVENTS.

How Portland Has Been Amusing Herself the Past Week.

The Portland Club House—Mrs. J. M. O'Connell—Party—A Number of Minor Events.

The Portland Club House—Mrs. J. M. O'Connell—Party—A Number of Minor Events. The Portland Club House was the scene of a very successful party given by Mrs. J. M. O'Connell. The party was attended by a large number of guests, and the evening was very enjoyable. The party was attended by a large number of guests, and the evening was very enjoyable.

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